

# THE AUTHOR:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE TO INTEREST AND HELP ALL LITERARY WORKERS.

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## HYGIENE FOR WRITERS.

It is a now generally accepted fact that sedentary occupations are not healthy. And when sedentary habits are combined with active and persistent brain work, as in the case of most writers, the danger of physical disability is very much increased.

The literary worker, above all people, needs a long life. The maturity of thought and expression which enables him to do his greatest and best work does not come to him until late in life. And even to those who are most gifted, that fame which opens the door of opportunity and brings to the successful author that which his delicate sensibilities need to call out his highest powers, appreciation, does not fall to his share until middle life at least.

Therefore, it behooveth the writer, in the very beginning of his career, to form habits which shall assist him to conserve, as long as possible, a high degree of physical health and vigor.

The most necessary thing to health of the

body is exercise. On this point nature is inexorable. On every slothful member she is continually pronouncing the irrevocable sentence, "Take away even that which he hath," and the unused organ is certain to lose its strength and fall an easy prey to disease.

Among the most beneficial forms of exercise is walking in the open air. Brain workers in the city often take a street car from habit, or to save time, when a one or two mile walk would be much better for their health. Every writer should see to it that he takes such a walk at least once a day.

The writer who works eight or ten hours a day at his desk should take other exercise also. For this purpose dumb bells are favorites with some, and are very good. I use Indian clubs, which I like even better. It is said that William Cullen Bryant, who preserved his bodily vigor to a good old age, was in the habit of taking exercise by bending backward over a wooden chair two or three times in succession, and performing sundry other feats with the same instrument every morning. For a lady, the Delsarte movements, which may be learned from a book, are excellent. Anything that will exercise every muscle every day will answer the purpose.

To be kept in prime working order, the brain must have plenty of pure blood. It is in the lungs that the blood is purified with our every breath, and therefore it is necessary that the lungs should be kept in good condition and plenty of fresh oxygen taken into them. To accomplish this, the ventilation of both sleeping and working rooms should be carefully looked after. Lung gymnastics, that is, the alternate filling of the lungs to their fullest capacity by inhaling pure air, and then expell-

ing the same, should be practised more or less every day.

Whenever my head feels dull and heavy from long writing, I often find it a great relief to go to an outside door or open window and indulge in two or three long, deep breaths. The oxygen thus taken in purifies the blood in the lungs, starts up the circulation, and sends a new supply of blood to the brain, clearing away the dulness, and often curing an incipient headache.

Diet is an important matter to be considered in relation to health. As each individual has a distinct physical character, no one rule can be made to apply to all. Each one should study his own nature, and seek to find out what foods and what quantities suit him best. In general, it may be said that plain, simple food, taken at regular hours, in moderate quantities, is best for the writer. While brain workers need nourishing food, they do not need stimulating food, like meat, in as large quantities as do laborers or workers in the open air.

Some brain workers, by neglecting proper exercise, lose their appetites and eat too little, and the brain becomes starved. But the great majority of Americans sin in the opposite direction, by eating too much. By going without a meal now and then, and noticing how much better one can work, how much clearer the brain, and how improved the relish for the next meal, one can easily prove that he is eating too much.

An erroneous notion prevails among some workers, that if they have a particularly arduous task before them, they must eat a hearty meal to work on. This is a mistake; the brain works far more easily on an empty stomach than on a full one. For a person in reasonably good health, it would be better, when he has a specially hard day's work to do, to begin the day with a light breakfast, eat nothing at noon, and take the evening meal when the work is put away out of sight and the whole attention can be given to the eating.

Brown wheat bread, oatmeal, milk, cream, and fresh fruits are especially recommended as a healthful diet for brain workers. Meat and vegetables should be used sparingly, though not entirely prohibited. Those who dislike graham bread on account of its coarseness, will find in the

whole wheat flour bread a very pleasant change.

As alcohol is a brain poison and nicotine, the active principle of tobacco, a nerve poison, no writer who desires long life or aims for the highest in his work should indulge even moderately in the use of liquor and tobacco. Their regular use, even in small quantities, has a straining and paralyzing effect upon the two most delicate organs of the body, the brain and nervous system. And although a strong brain may so overcome this effect as to do the work of genius in spite of it, yet even a strong brain cannot do as well with these habits as without them, and the writer who is not gifted with great genius, in these days of close competition, cannot afford to weaken his brain power by even a small extra and unnecessary load.

When one reads in a recent number of a current magazine concerning Rudyard Kipling, the rising "star of the East" just now, that on the sideboard of his working room is a "mighty tobacco jar, flanked on either side by a whiskey decanter," and in the daily paper notes a paragraph saying that this same young author has been ordered away by his doctor on account of over-strained nerves, one cannot help feeling that the two paragraphs have a definite relation to each other. And I sometimes gravely fear that that pathetic utterance of his, "I want to give good work: that is my only concern in life," will not be fulfilled in its highest possibility unless the tobacco jar and whiskey decanters are banished from his work-room.

It seems strange that such intelligent people as writers should have to be reminded to do so simple and natural a thing as to sleep. Yet there actually are people who can write brilliant editorials and bright magazine articles who do not seem to realize the simple fact that the body must have eight hours' sleep out of the twenty-four, or pay a severe penalty. A few years ago one of the editors of a daily paper told me that he never slept more than four hours out of the twenty-four, and he thought my cautions absurd. A year afterward I met him again. A three-months' sickness and expensive doctor bills had caused him to change his mind, and no amount of money can tempt him now-a-days to crowd his writing into his sleeping hours. In reading the sketches of noted authors given in THE

WRITER from time to time, I have noticed how many there are who are particular about doing their best work in the morning and keeping their regular sleeping hours sacred to their legitimate purpose. Few really successful writers work nights.

Last, not least: the writer who aims to preserve his health must not worry. A feverish anxiety for the success that would have come just as soon if only there had been patience to wait for it has killed more writers in the beginning of their career than overwork and the sacrifices that come from underpay combined.

Keep cool. Trust in your mission. Work steadily and cheerily on, and your day will come sometime. Fretting will not bring it any quicker, while it will wear you out faster, and eventually unfit you for good work.

That writer who has formed regular and healthful habits of living, who has schooled himself to self-control, until no amount of rejected manuscript can spoil his peace of mind, and who studies his profession with a calm unchanging purpose to do his best, will certainly win some day.

*Eva Kinney Griffith.*

WHITEWATER, WIS.

#### AMERICAN MAGAZINES.

The periodical literature of this country has improved probably more than any other one thing during the last quarter of a century.

The republic has issued periodicals since early in the century, but most of them have been short-lived, and very few of any special merit. The first magazine to attract and deserve general attention was the *Knickerbocker*, founded in New York by Charles Fenno Hoffman in 1832, and continued mainly by Lewis Gaylord Clark until 1860, leading a precarious, sickly life toward the close. *Putnam's Monthly*, also issued in New York, was of a high class, including such contributors as Parke Godwin, George William Curtis, Richard Grant White, and Fred S. Cozzens, who furnished to its pages some of their best work. It lasted four years, — 1853-57, — and was revived after the war, but was finally relinquished in '69 for business reasons.

The pioneer of the present magazines is *Harper's*, still called a new monthly, because, perhaps, it is the oldest extant, its age being forty years. The early numbers were largely made up from the

English periodicals, and the illustrations were crude and elementary. The recent issues contain very little from English sources, unless advance sheets of a transatlantic novel. Until within a few years it did not print the names of authors with their articles, except where those had high reputation. Anonymity has gone entirely out of fashion in periodicals. Many editors cannot be induced to publish an unsigned paper of any kind, which may be an objectionable extreme. The publishers still aim to preserve the popular character of the monthly, and continue to make a feature of articles of travel and of serial stories. They seldom admit essays of an abstract or general character, and do not lean to poetry of the Browning school. Practical subjects in prose and verse are always preferred. Their general editor is Henry M. Alden, who has been there twenty years, and is particularly competent to discharge the complicated duties of his position. They pay liberally for what they want, as high as \$30 per thousand words, occasionally higher. Their nominal rate is still, I think, \$10 per thousand words, which they are very ready to increase if they have any reason.

The *Atlantic* was issued in 1857 as the representative of Boston mind and culture in that city, and was for years in advance of any periodical in the country. Longfellow, Emerson, C. C. Felton, Edwin P. Whipple, James Russell Lowell, Oliver Wendell Holmes, John Greenleaf Whittier, and other literary lights of Massachusetts appeared almost exclusively in its pages. Lowell was the first editor, succeeded by James T. Fields, W. D. Howells, and T. B. Aldrich, Horace E. Scudder now holding the place. The magazine has lost its supremacy, though still able and interesting, and prides itself on appealing to the intellectual, not to lovers of the pictorial. Its circulation is not above 10,000, mostly in New England. Although said to be fairly remunerative to its publishers, Houghton, Mifflin, & Co., it does not aim to make much money. Its contributors, paid from \$10 to \$15 per thousand words, are less notable than they have been, necessarily, as it cannot offer the same pecuniary inducements as the New York illustrated periodicals.

The *Century*, begun as *Scribner's* in 1870, by Charles Scribner, Dr. J. G. Holland, and Roswell Smith, has become the rival of *Harper's*. Less popular in quality, it is unsurpassed in enterprise and liberality, and contains some of the most striking and valuable papers in current literature. The sending of George Kennan through Russia and Siberia to determine by personal observation the

wrongs of the czar's subjects from exile and imprisonment was a masterly stroke. It is said to have cost not far from \$100,000, but the money was well invested. The Kennan articles have attracted universal attention and excited universal indignation. The "Life of Lincoln," by Hay and Nicolay, and the war papers, despite the fact that they occupied a vast deal of space, largely increased the number of readers. Since the death of Scribner and Holland the magazine has been made a joint stock company, in which the principal workers are interested. Charles Scribner's two sons, both young men, were thought to derive a disproportionate advantage from the title of the periodical, which was changed, therefore, to the *Century*, the Scribner interest being purchased at the same time.

Richard Watson Gilder is the editor, and an excellent one. The *Century's* figures are as generous as those of *Harper's*, and as variable. The rivalry of the two periodicals has increased prices and elevated the quality of magazine work, both illustrations and letterpress. They cover a field that ordinarily a dozen or more monthlies would, and by this fact would seem to discourage similar enterprises. But really they do not. So many stories are told of the extraordinary profits of these two that new ventures of the same kind are stimulated. More than half a dozen magazines have been undertaken — most of them have failed — in consequence of their extraordinary success.

*Scribner's* is one of the new magazines. The feeling of the young men in the firm of Charles Scribner's Sons was that they had been unjustly crowded out of the older publication. Consequently they resolved to enter into competition with the older magazine as soon as the five years specified in the terms of the sale should pass. They tried to keep their purpose secret, but they could not, as their preparations were actively going on, and at the end of the sixth year, being all ready, they issued their magazine under favorable auspices. It is now three years old, and has a circulation, it is said, in excess of 100,000. It is cheaper than the *Century* or *Harper's*, being sold at twenty-five cents a copy, and is illustrated, though less elaborately than they. It has not interfered at all, I am told, with the success of the *Century*, nor does the extraordinary success of the *Century* interfere with it. The remarkable prosperity of one periodical seems to create a demand for more periodicals by increasing the public interest in them, and the taste for reading them. *Scribner's* has introduced several attractions, — a fresh lot of Thackeray's letters was one of these, —

and is generally an adroit caterer to its legience. Edward L. Burlingame, the editor, appears to be highly qualified for his place, which he fills and fits exactly. *Scribner's* figures for manuscript vary very little, if any, from those of the older city magazines, though they spend less on special features. A great many persons have thought that its entering the field against so formidable rivals was very rash; but its publishers say that they have far exceeded their anticipations. There has been no quarrel between the *Century* and *Scribner's*, but it is altogether probable that under the circumstances their love for one another is not illimitable.

The *Cosmopolitan* is another illustrated twenty-five cent monthly, which now claims a circulation of from 70,000 to 75,000, and to be steadily gaining. It was started at Rochester, in this state, five years ago, and removed hither, the publishers afterward failing. Since then it has passed through several hands, and is now owned and edited by John Brisben Walker, reputed to be wealthy, having made much money at Denver, Colo., in real estate. It publishes in each issue a complete novel, which occupies most of its space, and is said to be a taking feature. Its usual rate for contributions is \$10 to \$15 per thousand words.

A still newer magazine, not illustrated, is *Belford's*, three years old, Robert Belford, editor, having a circulation, it is said, of 25,000, largely in the South. Many of its writers are new to the public, but they choose readable subjects and treat them well. A long story appears in each number, and is supposed to constitute its chief attraction.

*Lippincott's*, published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia, originated the complete novel feature four or five years since, and its success has induced other monthlies to adopt it. Its contributors are many of them New Yorkers, with a considerable local representation, and they are paid liberally, as prices for literature go. The magazine, not illustrated, is twenty-two years old, and its actual circulation is set down at 35,000 to 40,000. Its present editor and manager is J. M. Stoddart, to whom its recent large increase is ascribed.

These are the principal mature magazines of national fame, though there are five times as many of local repute, a number of them firmly established. I do not mention the *North American*, the *Forum*, and the new *Arena*, of Boston, for they, being reviews, have nothing in common with the magazines, nearly every one of which is issued by a publishing firm. While these pay better than books do, no one can begin to live by writing for them, or, in-



deed, by doing any kind of pure literary work. — *Junius Henri Browne, in the Philadelphia North American.*

### EDGAR W. HOWE.

Two young men came to Atchison nearly thirteen years ago and started an evening paper. They were almost entire strangers to the community. No one seemed to know much about them. The paper was called the *Little Globe*, and the adjective applied was not misleading, for it was a mite of a journal, printed on quarto Gordon jobbing press. It was a single sheet of ten columns, five to a side. The entire work of the paper was done by themselves, excepting the delivering, for which they hired two boys.

The typesetting was done by one brother while the other gathered items, returning at hourly intervals to deposit the news he had gleaned. The success of the paper was phenomenal, and before its first birthday it claimed for itself the largest circulation of any paper in town. It was bright and breezy, somewhat inclined to the sensational and mysterious, often keeping the small community in suspense and eager for the next edition. Many people, too, were made very uncomfortable by various allusions, until the little paper was beginning to be feared. But as it grew older it increased in wisdom, and to-day it has the reputation of being one of the cleverest newspapers in the country. No longer is it known as the *Little Globe*, but the *Atchison Daily Globe*, in bold type, informs us of its increased proportions. Its editor, business manager, advertising agent, and chief reporter is Edgar W. Howe, known to the literary world as the author of "The Story of a Country Town."

There is probably no author who has achieved the literary fame that Mr. Howe has by his stories who remains so personally unknown to his many admirers. But he possesses strong personalities. His face is not unlike that of a Catholic priest's; closely shaven, with prominent features, excepting his eyes, which are small and bead-like, peering out from beneath heavy, shaggy brows, with a questioning glance, incredulous, but shrewd. About his mouth hovers a bit of intense cynicism, and those who read the scintillations and crumbs of wisdom that emanate from his pen and find cosy corners in prominent Eastern journals can easily believe that he is a great cynic.

Mr. Howe is only thirty-six. At times he appears ten years younger than his actual age, and then again he seems old and sedate. He is an Indianian

by birth, but in his infancy his father, who was a preacher, moved to a little town in Missouri, where he lived until he was eleven, and then he drifted back to the town about which he wrote his famous story. Staying there for a year or two, he grew restless, and then became a wanderer in the far West, setting type for his daily bread, and earning for himself the reputation of being "one of the worst of boys."

Mr. Howe told me the last he saw of a school-room was shortly after his tenth birthday. Lessons were an abomination to him, and only within recent years has he cared for books. Macaulay seems to be the only great writer who pleases him, though he candidly admits that "The History of England is a stupendous bore."

Outside of his paper, the only objects of interest are two of his children, a boy and girl, seven and nine years of age. Children, as a rule, irritate him, but in these two mites of humanity he takes much comfort, and, though known as a cold, unresponsive man, and totally indifferent to all those tender impulses that ennoble our character, these children are the joy of his life and the objects for which he works. His oldest child is a lad of eleven, who fell from grace by running away from home, and his father has never fully forgiven him for his infantile escapade.

At one time in the earlier part of Mr. Howe's career as a writer, I think, he had an idea that to be truly literary one should be eccentric. My suspicions are well grounded, for there stands yet a monument that confirms one in this belief. On his grounds there is, besides his own comfortable dwelling, a tiny house that attracts the eye of the visitor. I inquired what it was, and was told that Mr. Howe built it for the purpose of secluding himself. The house has one room, and contains a couch, chair, table, and stove. For a brief period he occupied this little den, returning to the house solely for refreshment. Here he thought Genius would adopt him for her own, and that all his future efforts would be crowned with popularity. It is generally believed that his recent literary failures were written here. Anyway, since their publication he has returned to his library, and contents himself by exploring the regions of his mind like ordinary men. Whether the latter method of writing is more conducive to success or not the world will shortly have an opportunity of judging, for he has recently put in the hands of Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. a new novel, which has the curious title of "An Ante-Mortem Statement." — *Ethel Ingalls, in the New York World.*

# THE AUTHOR.

WM. H. HILLS, . . . EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

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The publisher of THE AUTHOR will send, postpaid, to any address any book or periodical that may be desired, on receipt of the publisher's advertised price.

The bound volumes of THE WRITER and THE AUTHOR for 1890 will be ready for delivery about January 20. Orders will be received now for complete sets of both magazines to the end of 1891—four bound volumes of THE WRITER, two bound volumes of THE AUTHOR, and a year's subscription to both magazines, ending with December, 1891—for *Ten Dollars*. The volumes now ready will be sent at once, prepaid; the volumes for 1890 will be sent as soon as they are received from the bindery. The number of sets available is limited, and those who desire to take advantage of this offer should do so without delay.

## "THE WRITER" FOR JANUARY.

THE WRITER for January contains: "Publishers' Judgments," by George B. Perry; "Don'ts for Amateur Writers," by J. L. Harbour; "Some Curiosities of Our Language," by E. Palmer Mathews; "Personal Reminiscences of Mary Howitt," by Jeanie Parker Rudd; "New Words to be Looked up in the New Webster," by H. A. Schuler; editorials on "High-class Periodicals in America," "Mr. Howells and the Newspapers," "King Kalakaua as an Author," and "Poor Authors and the Government Printing Office"; and the usual "Queries," "Book Reviews," "Helpful Hints and Suggestions," "Literary Articles in Periodicals," and "News and Notes."

## TOLSTOI.

Since 1862 Count Tolstoi has lived and worked on his farm in the country, plowing his fields and wearing as homely dress as any Russian peasant. In this he follows his maxim, "that all men are created equal." Many of his works, whose publication was forbidden by the Russian censor, are circulated in manuscripts, and poor ladies earn their livelihood by copying his works for the trade. From his home, Iasnaia Polana, he sends daily a great many letters, for he replies to everybody who addresses him, and such answers are copied and copies are circulated throughout Russia. Although both the censor and the pulpit prosecute his works, they are nevertheless in the hands of every one. One of the Czar's officers reads all Tolstoi's works to the Czar and the Czarina. When he was reading "The Reign of the Dark," the Czar was deeply moved, and the Czarina left the room in emotion. None of Tolstoi's plays are allowed to be publicly represented, but they are often produced in the halls of the nobility. Once when such a representation was about to be given, at an expense of 20,000 rubles, Pobiedonoscev, the chief of police, tried to prevent it, but the landlady answered that she could not obey his order, as forty members of the imperial court had promised to be present. The doctrines of Tolstoi have found not only enthusiastic admirers, but also practical followers. Some of

the noblemen have turned to what Tolstoi preaches: "the natural life and social equality." His wife only partially adheres to his principles, his son is a naturalist, his elder daughter a talented painter, and only the younger daughter (nineteen years old) dresses herself like a country maiden, and works according to her father's maxims. The western Europeans cannot understand and appreciate Tolstoi's influence over Russia. He is celebrated not only as a poet, but as a herald of morality, though often misunderstood and misrepresented. I am a Slav, and my article is founded on Slavonic opinions.

*Joseph Geo. Král.*

CHICAGO, ILL.

### B. L. FARJEON.

A friend of mine writes to me from London that Farjeon, the English novelist, is soon to visit America. When Charles Dickens died, and Farjeon came to the front, it was thought that the mantle of "Boz" had fallen on the younger man's shoulders, but time has not added much to his early reputation, although he is one of the shining lights in English literary circles, a splendid story-teller, and a charming fellow.

The novelist has many ties which bind him to America. Of his three brothers, one is in business in New York City, and another is in California. Both his father and mother rest in American graves, and Mr. Farjeon wooed and won an American bride, Margaret, the daughter of Joseph Jefferson, the actor. Mr. Farjeon was born in London about fifty-five years ago. His father was a clever linguist, and a man who had travelled all over the world. Farjeon early developed the faculty of story writing. Even when he went to school he was in the habit of amusing the other boys by tales of his own invention. After leaving the common schools young Farjeon entered a printing office in his native town, owned by Quakers. From here he entered the office of the *Non-Conformist*, and after serving his apprenticeship as a compositor, he left for Australia, where, at the age of twenty-two, he brought out his first book, "Shadows on the Snow." In 1867 Mr. Farjeon paid a visit to America for the first time. He soon returned to London, however, and settled down to a life of literary work. The first book he brought out there was "Grief." I am told that he draws a weekly royalty on it to this day. Following in rapid succession came "Joshua Marvel," and that charming Christmas story, "Blade o' Grass." The advance sheets of the latter were

accepted by Harper Brothers, who sent the author a draft for a large amount in payment. Frank Leslie has frequently paid as high as \$1,500 for advance proof-sheets of his works. One of Mr. Farjeon's latest stories, "No. 14 Great Porter Square," was published simultaneously in English, French, German, Spanish, and Italian. Many of his other works have also been translated into the French and German languages.

In 1876 Mr. Farjeon was married in London to Miss Jefferson. There is quite a little romance connected with their marriage. Miss Jefferson was in London with her father, who was playing there at the time. She had read some of Mr. Farjeon's books, and expressed a desire to meet the author. Mr. Jefferson, who knew Mr. Farjeon very well, said that nothing could be easier, and the two were soon introduced to each other. If it was not a case of love at first sight, it was something very like it, for the couple were soon married. They came to this country on their honeymoon, and remained in New York nine months, after which they returned to London. They have a very interesting family of four children. Harry, the oldest, aged 13, and Joe, Nellie, and Bertie. One son, Charlie, is dead, and it was on this sad event that was based the story of "The Christmas Angel." Miss Nellie has shown wonderful ability as a composer of music. Although only nine years of age, it is not an uncommon thing for her to sit down at the piano and improvise the words and music of a song. Her father is editing a little book of her compositions.

Mr. Farjeon is below the medium height, with a jolly, round face and small side-whiskers. He is excellent company, and entertains many choice spirits at his home in Adelaide road, South Hampstead. Mr. Farjeon is an omnivorous reader, and has the faculty of remembering what he reads strongly developed. When he retires for the night he always has a table on which are a heap of books and three or four candles placed beside his bed. In his literary methods Mr. Farjeon is singularly unaffected. He writes all his novels on a typewriter, in the manipulation of which he has become an adept. On one occasion he composed and set up a complete novel at a case which he had in his house. He is a shorthand writer, and always carries a note-book in his pocket. If an idea strikes him, no matter whether he is on the street or in bed, he promptly makes a memorandum of it in his note-book. Mr. Farjeon has been engaged on three novels at the same time, and he has seldom less than two under way. He has made a great

deal of money by his writings, but he is an extremely liberal man, and spends it freely. — *Edward W. Bok, in Salt Lake Tribune.*

### THE RESPONSIBILITY OF WRITERS.

It is difficult enough to keep the world straight without the interposition of fiction. But the conduct of the novelists and the painters makes the task of the conservators of society doubly perplexing. . . . Perhaps the most harmful sinners are not those who send into the world of fiction the positively wicked and immoral, but those who make current the dull, the commonplace, and the socially vulgar. For most readers the wicked character is repellent; but the commonplace raises less protest, and is soon deemed harmless, while it is most demoralizing. . . . Unfortunately, the world is so ordered that the person of the feeblest constitution can communicate a contagious disease. And these people, bred on this pabulum, in turn make books. If one, it is now admitted, can do nothing else in this world, he can write, and so the evil widens and widens. No art is required, nor any selection, nor any ideality, only capacity for increasing the vacuous commonplace in life. A princess born may have this, or the leader of cotillions. Yet in the judgment the responsibility will rest upon the writers who set the copy. — *Charles Dudley Warner, in February Harper's.*

### PERSONAL GOSSIP ABOUT WRITERS

**Browning.** — To-day was the anniversary of Robert Browning's death at Venice, and at 5 o'clock in the afternoon, in singular commemoration of it, an event unique in the history of science and of strange sympathetic significance took place at Edison house. The voice of the dead man was heard speaking. This is the first time that Robert Browning's or any other voice has been heard from beyond the grave. It was generally known that Colonel Gouraud had got locked up in his safe some words spoken by the poet April 7, 1889, at the house of Rudolph Lehmann, the artist. But up to yesterday the wax cylinder containing the record had never been made to yield up its secret. Yesterday Dr. Furnivall and Colonel Gouraud happened to meet at my house, and the president of the Browning Society (Dr. Furnivall) reminded Colonel Gouraud that it was the anniversary of their mutual friend's death, and that this would be a fitting occasion to test the integrity of the cylinder containing his voice. Accordingly, after wiring

Rudolph Lehmann to meet us, we adjourned to Edison house. The small white wax cylinder containing the record carefully wrapped in wool was produced, and, on being put upon the machine, the voices at Rudolph Lehmann's house on the night of April 7, 1889, were accurately reproduced. First came a message in Colonel Gouraud's voice addressed to Edison, informing him that Robert Browning's voice would follow his own, and then, whilst in breathless silence the little, awed group stood round the phonograph, Robert Browning's familiar and cheery voice suddenly exclaimed: "Ready?" and immediately afterward followed: —

"I sprang to the saddle, and Joris, and he;  
I galloped," etc.

And all went on in a most spirited manner down to the words, —

"Speed echoed the . . ."

then the voice said hurriedly, "I forget it! er —" (some one prompts), and Browning goes on: —

"Then the gate shut behind us, the lights  
sank to rest"

(and again the poet halted). "I — I am exceedingly sorry that I can't remember my own verses; but one thing that I will remember all my life is the astonishing sensation produced upon me by your wonderful invention." Then there was a pause — Rudolph Lehmann reminded us that Browning left the speaking-tube, but on being asked to authenticate his own words, returned. So presently in a loud voice came shouted at us "Robert Browning." The murmur of applauding voices and loud clapping of hands followed. After this extraordinary seance, the wax cylinder was taken possession of by Miss Fergusson, who had manipulated the phonograph on the night of April 17, 1889. — *H. R. Harveis, in the London Times.*

**Broughton.** — Few authors have enjoyed a more uniform success than has Miss Rhoda Broughton, who comes of an old family of Cheshire, England. Her early life was spent in the country, where there was little in the way of social gayety. It was here, too, that, perched up on a ladder, in her father's library, absorbed in the fiction of an earlier day, she gained that "experience of life" which her critics declared must have been of so extensive and varied a character when it appeared embodied in the pages of her earliest novel, "Not Wisely, but Too Well." Her earliest book was first read aloud to two self-appointed critics, her uncle, Sheridan Le Fanu, the author of "Uncle Silas," the grimmest tale in English fiction, and Percy Fitzgerald; of which limited audience she is wont



humorously to declare that one said nothing and the other fell asleep.

That this statement cannot have had even a bowing acquaintance with the truth seems clear from the fact that, owing presumably to their friendly action, the novel appeared soon afterward in the pages of the *Dublin University Review*. It was followed in a year or two by "Cometh up as a Flower," which was offered to Bentley and promptly accepted by him for *Temple Bar*, where also "Not Wisely, but Too Well," subsequently appeared, after one or two incidents had been toned down in deference to the feelings of the British public. In 1880 Miss Broughton moved, with her sister, to Oxford. Here she has lived for the last ten years, finding time both to gather round her a pleasant circle of cultivated people and to produce "Belinda," "Dr. Cupid," and "Alas!" the two latter being two of the very best of her books. In all, she has written about thirty books, but only half of them have been published or offered for publication. — *Chicago Post*.

**Goodale.** — The life of Miss Elaine Goodale, the poet, who has been for two years a teacher among the Indians of Dakota, and who is engaged now to marry Dr. Eastman, the educated Sioux, who took his medical degree from Boston University and went back to his people last June, has been a most interesting one. The first that was heard of her was back in the seventies, when the poems of herself and her younger sister began to appear in the magazines, and a volume of their verse was published by the Putnams. The home of the Goodales was Sky Farm, at South Egremont, Mass., among the Berkshire Hills. There these children lived and wrote. It was when she was only thirteen years of age that Elaine Goodale wrote the little poem "Ashes of Roses": —

"Soft on the sunset sky  
Bright daylight closes,  
Leaving, when light doth die,  
Pale lines that mingling lie,  
Ashes of roses.

"When Love's warm sun is set,  
Love's brightness closes;  
Eyes with hot tears are wet,  
In hearts there linger yet  
Ashes of roses."

Now she is at Pine Ridge nursing the sick and wounded there. — *Boston Record*.

**Harrison.** — Mrs. Burton Harrison, the author of "The Anglomaniacs," is a Virginian of ancient lineage. Through both her father (Archibald Cary) and her mother (Monemia Fairfax) she came by inheritance to a love of literature and an early

and ready use of her pen. Her father was close of kin to Thomas Jefferson, and was descended from the first president of William and Mary College, who may be called the father of letters in the colony; his mother was, educated by the sage of Monticello in his old age, and herself made contributions to the literature of her day. Miss Constance Cary grew up at Vacluse, a home of the Fairfaxes in the county that bears the family name, and there found not only the English and French classics, but many an old book of the eighteenth century, now forgotten or to be discovered only in great public libraries. She pored over these treasures wherever a window-seat or a quiet nook allowed escape from things which distract even in the daily life of a sequestered country house. Growing up in such an atmosphere, with traditions of older homes of her people, and of the patrician order they had illustrated before caste had altogether ceased to influence the society she was born into, her mind was stored with the incidents she has described and the pen pictures she has drawn (chiefly in articles from time to time appearing in the *Century*) of daily life at Mount Vernon, Belvoir, and Towlston, in the generation after 1750, and of the stately men who then dwelt or assembled there. She was still in a happy young girlhood of such surroundings when the war overtook us, and Fairfax County was occupied by armies confronting each other; Vacluse was necessarily abandoned after ladies of the household had hastily buried the family silver in a cellar, and the old house was soon razed to the ground to become the site of a fort in the defences of Washington — bricks and debris filling the cellars and furnishing a secure covering for precious candlesticks, spoons, forks, salvers, coasters, and like relics of the reign of good Queen Anne, until they could be dug out four years afterward. Miss Cary was with her mother and aunt at Bristow Station, in the rear of the Confederate Army, when booming guns and rattling musketry informed her of the varying fortunes of the fight at Manassas — her brother and many a kinsman in the fray; and until four long years were gone she was familiar with things such as she tells in "Crow's Nest," a reminiscence of campaigns of arms and anguish, and of romance, too. As soon as possible after the war was ended she went with her mother to Europe, and saw the Tuileries and the Empire in all the glitter of the culmination of the third Napoleon's reign, returning to be married and to live thenceforth in New York. The earliest of Mrs. Burton Harrison's contributions to the magazines

was "A Little Centennial Lady," in 1876, followed by articles upon "My Lord Fairfax, of Greenway Court, in Virginia," "The Home and Haunts of Washington," and like topics. In 1878 she wrote "Golden Rod, an Idyl of Mount Desert"; and since then she has published "The Story of Helen Troy," "Woman's Handiwork in Modern Homes," "The Old-Fashioned Fairy Book," "Bar Harbor Days," and "Bric-à-Brac Stories." In the *Century* this last summer appeared, anonymously, "The Anglomaniacs," and it has now been published in book form, and within a month she has given us "Flower de Hundred: The Story of a Virginia Plantation."

She has also been a successful playwright; her "Russian Honeymoon" (an adaptation from the French of Scribe) had a run of many weeks at the Madison-square Theatre, and is still in vogue throughout the country; several of her short comedies have been repeatedly performed with credit by the cleverest of our amateurs; and all the best known of her plays have now been collected and published together.—*January Book Buyer*.

**Jerome.**—A little beyond Chelsea Barracks is a huge building of yellow brick with red stripes, known as Chelsea Gardens. A door stands invitingly open, with the humorous announcement that trespassers will be prosecuted. This statement is evidently intended to rouse a spirit of contradiction in the human breast, or else to lure one on to mounting the ninety steps which intervene between the ground-floor and the suite of rooms of the "English Mark Twain." The walls of this ascent are painted a cheerful blue, while a plum-colored dado checks the light-heartedness which would otherwise be inspired by such a pleasing color. Once within Mr. Jerome's drawing-room, the plum-colored dado is forgotten. Over the trees, facing the house, all London can be seen. Almost opposite, and a little to the right, is the Tower House. To the left, the river shines like a silver streak in the sun, and beyond the river in the far distance is the Crystal Palace. The "interesting personality" of Mr. Jerome is, at this moment, clad in light trousers, slippers, a boating jacket, and eye-glasses. He might have stepped in from some secluded bower after a nap. In reality he has been sleeping off the effects of a long stretch of work, extending from six o'clock to lunch time. His brown hair is rumpled over his broad, high forehead; somewhat deep-set gray eyes look out with a kindly glance from beneath heavily-hanging brows. He has a thick, drooping

moustache, good straight nose, and rather large head for a man of medium height. Greetings are exchanged; he flings the casement wide; and in the refreshing breeze we sit and talk of many things, the sunlight dancing over the dainty room, with its soft-cushioned chairs, picturesque photographs, and delicate water-colors on the walls. Mr. Jerome could not get any one to look at his books at first, and nothing but the most indomitable perseverance and faith in his own powers could have carried him into the happy haven of successful authorship. "I remember taking the 'Idle Thoughts' to Messrs. Sampson Low & Co. I think I saw Mr. Marston, Sr. He looked at it, said he did n't want to discourage me, but that it was simply rubbish. Field & Tuer took it at length. One hundred thousand copies have been sold up to date. 'Three Men in a Boat' has now reached the same number."—*Magazine and Book Review*.

**Ohnet.**—Perhaps no author of the present day has been more criticised than Georges Ohnet; some have accused him of plagiarism, others of want of originality, while all have thrown doubt on his literary talent. And yet, in spite of the critics, his "Serge Panine," his "Maître de Forges," and other works have run through countless editions, both at home and abroad. No wonder he can afford to snap his fingers at his detractors in presence of such undisputed success. The truth is that he is too moral a writer to satisfy the modern French critic, who revels only in indelicacy and cynicism, and prefers vice to virtue. M. Ohnet assures us he never looks at the newspaper criticisms on his pieces. "I work for the public," he added, "and recognize no other master. So far the public has been on my side, and that is sufficient for me." He has no particular system of working, or, if he has one, it is very simple. "I start," he says, "with an idea which I turn over and over in my mind, until I have woven the beginning, the middle, and the end of my plot. I then sketch out the different characters to be introduced, and the various scenes of action. This done, I set to work, writing for four hours every morning. Sometimes I can write only one or two pages; but when the inspiration is free and easy, I can write a whole chapter at one sitting. Generally speaking, I write my novels in the country, and my plays in Paris. I do not surround myself with documents to work on. I do not want them, since I form my characters and incidents out of my own mind, or according to what I have come across in daily life. I have a good memory, and can remember almost everything I have

seen from childhood. I am not obliged to mount a railway engine, like Zola, who, after all, obtains only a very imperfect view of the scenes which come under his eye, and which are more imaginary than real, though the pictures he paints are marvellously executed." M. Ohnet proceeded to remark that contrary to what has been stated, he never writes his novels with the intention of dramatizing them. He is a novelist first of all; the dramatist comes afterward. He says it is not so easy to dramatize a novel as some persons imagine. The work has to be changed in many important respects. "For example," he continued, "the dénouement in 'Comtesse Sarah' had to be altered for the stage, while the play of 'Serge Panine' contains many things, notably the great love scene in the third act, which do not exist in the romance." M. Ohnet's next novel will be entitled "Vengeance de Femme," which is half finished. After that he promises us a drama *fin de siècle*, to be called "La Conquerante," the subject of which will be the history of a tradesman and his family, who rise from a humble shop in Belleville to a princely mansion in the Parc Monceau. He will then rest himself in his country house near Fertessous-Jouarre, and give himself up to the only pastime he loves — *la chasse*. "With my dog and gun," he concluded, "I am the happiest man in the world." — *Paris Letter in the London Globe*.

**Sheldon.** — Mrs. May French Sheldon, an English woman well known in literary circles as the translator of Flaubert's "Salammbô," will sail for Africa in February. She will head an exploring party of her own, the primary object being the collection of materials for a book. At present she is visiting friends in Kansas City, Mo. Mrs. Sheldon is a physician of no mean ability, and has also won a reputation as an author and sculptor. She has an enviable position in literary and scientific circles in London, where her husband is the manager of an American banking house. She appears to be thoroughly in earnest in her present intention. She expects to reach Zanzibar in February. Procuring guides, interpreters, and supplies there, she will enter the Dark Continent at Mombassi, and from there she will make her way to the mountain and lake of Kilamajaro, a distance of 400 miles from Zanzibar. — *Philadelphia Telegraph*.

#### LITERARY NEWS AND NOTES.

E. W. Howe, the Kansas newspaper man and novelist, has been offered \$100 for the original manuscript of the "Story of a Country Town," the novel that made him famous.

Eben E. Rexford, the poet, florist, and recluse of Shiocton, Wis., was married recently.

King Kalakaua is writing articles on the labor problem of Hawaii for the *San Francisco Examiner*.

Alexander William Kinglake, the historian of the Crimean war, in his eighty-ninth year, is dying of cancer.

Rudyard Kipling's peculiar Christian name is said to have had its origin in the fact that his father and mother plighted their troth on the banks of Lake Rudyard. Kipling was born December 30, 1865.

The *Philadelphia Times* remarks: "Mrs. Julia Ward Howe has been buying property near Seattle. She is still so young and vigorous that it would surprise nobody if she proposed to go out to Washington and grow up with the country."

The *New York World* says that Jacob Beck, of Decatur, Neb., offers a prize of \$50 for the best essay on the subject, "What Can the Government do to Promote the Greatest Good to the Greatest Number of People Without Injustice to Any?"

Lord Tennyson is in excellent health. The Hon. Hallam Tennyson writes to a correspondent that, notwithstanding the severe weather and his advanced age, his lordship, who is staying at Farringford, Freshwater, Isle of Wight, takes his usual walk every day.

Mrs. Richard A. Proctor proposes to perpetuate her husband's name by building an observatory on Mission Heights at San Diego, Calif. It is estimated that the building with the telescope will cost about \$25,000, and the bulk of this sum Mrs. Proctor hopes to raise by lecturing.

One of the busiest literary men is "Oliver Optic" (W. T. Adams), who has written so many good books for young people. He is editor of *Our Little Ones* and the *Nursery*, is writing a serial story, has to write some time this year the fourth volume of his "The Blue and the Gray" series, and has engaged to furnish two volumes for a new series to be issued next season by Lee & Shepard.

Jerome K. Jerome, the humorist, whose books are selling up in the hundred thousands, though many intelligent critics are still sceptical of their merits, is a man of only thirty years. He is of medium stature, rather good looking, and has brown hair that is usually rumpled over his high forehead. His gray eyes are deep set, and he has a thick, drooping moustache, good straight nose, and a large head. He lives in Chelsea Gardens, and his rooms overlook London.

There is talk of a new magazine for New York in the spring, with May Riley Smith as editor.

William Henry Bishop, the novelist, has entered upon his third year of European residence, and does not seem disposed to curtail his stay. He is now living in Verona, in the Palazzina Giusti.

Librarian Spofford thinks that within three years he will be able to move the National Library into the new building going up in Washington.

Dr. D. G. Brinton is preparing a series of lectures on the "Ethnology of Modern Europe," and a work on the ethnology of the American (Indian) race, both of which he hopes to publish in 1891.

A. B. Frost is one of half a dozen American illustrators to whom art has brought handsome fortune, "lettered ease," and rural comfort. He lives on a good-sized farm near Madison, N. J., and dispenses a generous hospitality.

George Meredith, it is said, writes in a little cottage of two rooms standing in the garden of his house. He works in the morning, and after giving his manuscripts to his daughter to copy, proceeds to study and to translate the classics. As for worldly affairs, he is a ward in chancery, and has a moderate fortune.

Jessie Benton Frémont's Christmas gift was the cottage at Los Angeles where she has long lived, now presented to her, with receipts for old debts, by the women of California. The money necessary for the purpose was \$10,000.

A well-known syndicate manager says of women as literary workers: "It is an indisputable fact that the best literary work to-day is being done by women, and the most conclusive evidence of this lies in the fact that of the fifteen most successful books published within the past two years, eleven were written by women. In my experience of eight years I have found literary women just, fair, always courteous and obliging, and capable of far better work than men are generally willing to credit to them. I have found their work more evenly meritorious than that of men, while the most successful articles which I have printed, in both newspapers and magazines, came from the pen of women."

Henry Rider Haggard, Esq., J. P., is the full name of the famous author. He is thirty-three years old, but looks more as if he were twenty or twenty-five. He resides in the village of Ditchingham, in the southern division of the County of Norfolk, through which village, near the outskirts of his estate, runs the Waveney Valley railroad.

Mr. Spurgeon devotes only a few hours to the preparation of a sermon, and commits only the headings to paper.

Grace Greenwood is now more closely allied to works of charity than to literary labors, though she still writes a little.

After January 31, the business of Charles Scribner's Sons and Scribner & Welford will all be carried on under the name of Charles Scribner's Sons.

George Bancroft is still seen on Pennsylvania avenue, Washington, on pleasant days, his arm in that of a friend or attendant, walking at a good pace, and conversing constantly. He has entirely lost his memory of immediate events and dates, and his mind is gradually passing away.

Clifford Lanier has resigned his position as superintendent of city schools at Montgomery, Ala., and will devote himself exclusively to literature, fiction, and poetry.

Gustav Freytag, the German novelist, is dangerously ill. His physicians have ordered his removal to a resort for invalids in the southern part of Europe.

Schliemann was thirty-four years old before he knew a word of Greek, and it was not until he was forty-one that he began the study of archaeology, in which he was destined to achieve so much distinction.

By an odd coincidence, the Christmas numbers of *Scribner's*, *Harper's*, and the *Century* each contain a story in which a person with the unusual name of Spurlock figures.

Mrs. Van Rensselaer Cruger does most of her literary work on her farm, and to this retreat, which is at Bayville, Long Island, N. Y., and is called "Talesse Farm," she goes for quiet work.

Grant Allen, a Canadian by birth, has won the prize of £1,000 for the best novel, in the competition recently announced by a member of Parliament, George Newnes. Several hundred novels were offered in competition. Mr. Allen's "What's Bred in the Bone" won. It is doubtless only a coincidence that its title suggests James Payn's famous novel of twenty years ago.

Some of those who read William Allen Butler's illustrated poem on the Passion play at Oberammergau in *Harper's Weekly* for December 3 may not remember that the writer just a third of a century ago produced the famous society skit in verse, "Nothing to Wear," a production which ranks among the classics of our native literature.